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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Anastasius; or Memoirs of a Greek; written at the close of the 18th century.
London, 1819. 3 vols. crown 8vo.

We have been so much delighted with this publication, that we sit down to the task of making it known to our readers with a decided conviction that we can only very imperfectly execute our purpose. Not even one of the giant reviews, which three or four times a year illuminate the literary hemisphere, will be able to find room for a tythe of the extracts which crowd upon the critic; and demand his special notice; what then can be done with our weekly sheet? Let us face the difficulty and see.

Anastasius is the Anacharsis of our times. What the latter is to ancient, the former is to modern Greece. But his travels and adventures are more widely extended; and not only Greece, but Turkey and Egypt, are delineated with a living pencil. Lady Mary Wortley Montague herself, does not present us with more genuine or more characteristic pictures; and, though the frame-work of the publication is a fiction of the novel genus, it is immediately seen that the descriptions are real, the facts authentic, and the whole the result of actual and highly intelligent observation. Indeed if report is to be credited, which in this case we have reason to believe it may, these volumes are the fruit of the travels of Mr. THOMAS HORN, connected together in the enlivened shape of a fabulous narrative, but in every respect the authentic produce of personal remark.

Such being the character of Anastasius, it would be absurd to treat it as a romance: it is in fact, travels in Greece, Turkey, and Egypt, knit together by a highly interesting story, and distinguished for accurate and felicitous sketches of the society and manners of these countries. With regard to the execution, we can truly say that it is admirable. Where pathos is aimed at, we often meet with a simplicity and strength which go home to the heart; and in the lighter parts there is a caustic

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and humorous vein which, except in Pigault Lebrun, (whose style it frequently resembles,) we have not seen equalled since the day of Voltaire, of whom it also very forcibly reminds us.

With this general impression of the work, we beg to take leave of our preface. No doubt, the praise we offer is of the most flattering kind; but we will venture to anticipate that even our extracts will justify it, and the book itself raise the eulogy still more.

The Editor in his preface says, that his aim is not wholly frivolous.

"In an age in which whatever relates to the regions, once adorned by the Greeks, and now defaced by the Turks, excites peculiar attention, he thought that this narrative might add to our information on so interesting a subject, not only by presenting a picture of national customs and manners, but by offering many historical and biographical notices, not to be met with elsewhere, and yet, as far as their accuracy has been investigated, narrated with scrupulous regard to truth:—for though the author has probably brought forward under the mask of fictitious names, the persons and adventures of some private individuals, whom he might not have deemed himself warranted to drag before the public undisguised, he seems to have described public events and personages with all the fidelity of an historian."

This, making allowance for what our French neighbours call the mystification, perfectly explains the nature of the work; and we rejoice that our reviews of Dodwell's Tour have, in a certain degree, prepared our readers for entering with advantage into the theme.

Anastasius, the son of Greek parents from Epirus, but settled at Chio, where his father was drogman to the French consul, is completely a spoilt child, and in consequence so refractory and vicious, that it was deemed expedient to educate him for the church. At an early age, however, he has an amour with Helena, the consul's daughter; and to avoid its natural termination, flies from Chio in a Venetian vessel, of which he is appointed, ad interim, cabin-boy. The captain of the ship does not avoid the pirates with all the anxiety that might have been expected: it is therefore met with, boarded while the crew are all drunk, and captured. The pirates and their prize are however taken in turn by a Turkish frigate, and our hero and his companions carried before Hassan Pasha. The rest are dismissed to punishment; but the young Greek is released, and gradually gets into favour with the Albanese drogman of

the Pasha, a very great personage in his way. After various exploits in the war against the Arnauts, he accompanies his patron to Constantinople; where his adventures, intrigues, change of faith, and other incidents are detailed, and carry us nearly to the end of the first volume. His return to Greece, and obtaining, in quality of Modem, possession of his mother's estate at Naxos; his rejection by his family; his visit to Rhodes, and subsequent voyage to Egypt, where he becomes Mamluke, and takes part in the struggles of the Beys; afford other and excellent opportunities for those traits of character, descriptions of scenery, pictures of domestic life, and accounts of public transactions, all of which the author paints with so much fidelity, naïveté, and vigour.

This is a very rough outline of the story, but our extracts will unfold it more amply. We commence with the details of Anastasius's infant years: the family group will afford a fair specimen of the sarcastic and piquant manner of these sketches.

My mother was a native of Naxos, and esteemed a great heiress in her country. She possessed an estate of three hundred piastres a year, clear, managed by a relation of her own, Marco Politi; very wealthy himself, primate of all the Greek villages of the island, and a very great rogue.

My brothers and sisters—and there came, one by one, just three of each—all contrived to take precedence of me at their birth, and consequently throughout the whole of their subsequent lives. The punctilio of the thing I should not have minded, but, among my countrymen, a foolish family pride exhausts people's fortunes during their lifetime in portioning their daughters: the elder sons ran away with what remained, and poor Anastasius brought up the rear with but an indifferent prospect. My kind parents, however, determined to make up for leaving me destitute at their death, by spoiling me as much as possible during their lives.

My eldest sister (I begin, as is proper, with the ladies) married a physician of the country, graduated at Padua. Robust as a hamal (a porter), and never until her marriage having known a moment's illness, Epiphania seemed to bid defiance to her husband's utmost skill in medicine. But she was not proof against her own imaginations. Signor Sozimo expressed such constant anxiety about his "dear wife's" precious health, and gave her so much viper broth to keep up her strength, that she soon began to fancy herself in a bad way; and died at last of the mere apprehension of not living.

My sister Roxana, who would have been a beauty, but for a scar, which she chose to call a *dimple*, at an early age fell desperately in love with a Turk; and spite of all the remonstrances of her friends, bestowed her hand upon this unbeliever. Nor was it until the very last of her offended relations had been prevailed upon to grant her an unlimited pardon, that she became conscious of the heinousness of her crime, and began to feel an unconquerable desire to re-enter the pale of our holy communion. This she at length effected, by never ceasing to bewail her apostasy, until her husband, in disgust, allowed her a divorce. Immediately she flew back at once into the arms of the church and into those of a young Greek, who, an effective instrument in her reformation, obliterated every trace of her first unhallowed wedlock, by a more canonical union. He truly laboured for the church; for he was by trade an *agio-graphis*, or painter of Saints; and connoisseurs esteemed him the *Apelles* of our district, in that line. His spouse sat for all his Virgins; and accordingly as she behaved well or ill, he used to paint them handsome or ugly: a practice which kept her very much upon her good behaviour. She was conceited about her looks, and wasted as much paint upon her cheeks as her husband did upon his canvass; a circumstance, however, which produced a striking resemblance between the portraits and the original.

As to my youngest sister, she deemed a two years obedience, well or ill performed, to a single lord and master, quite trial enough for a woman, in this world. Her husband dying, she took the habit of a *caloyera* (a nun), in a nunnery near the delightful district of the *Lentias*. There, the interest of her portion, together with the produce of her handy-work, enabled her to set up, according to the practice of our religious communities, an independent establishment; and to entertain her friends of both sexes, in a manner at once comfortable and decorous.

We pass by, as lengthening this extract too much, the portraits of the two elder brothers, and come, in the narrator's lively phrase, to

Constantine, my third brother, managed the farm. This hopeful youth, only a few years older than myself, used to hate me with singular asperity: though I never could account for it, except that he was crooked, and I, unfortunately, straight; an offence, however, which so many others shared with me, that he must have hated the whole human race,—as perhaps he did. It is true, I much aggravated my crime by one *dy* observing, on his talking slightly of the advantages of a handsome person, that "they were what none affected to despise, except such as could not make good their claim to them;"—I thought he would have stabbed me.

"After all the rest of the brood had taken wing, I remained alone at home, to solace my parents. Too fond of their favourite to damp my youthful spirits by fitting me for a

profession, they kindly put off from day to day every species of instruction, probably, till I should beg for it; which my discretion forbade. Unfortunately, nature chose not, in the mean time, to be equally dilatory with my parents; and from an angel of an infant, I by degrees became a great lubberly boy, without any other accomplishment but that of flogging my top with the left hand, while with the right I dispatched my sign of the cross: for in some things I understood the value of time. My parents, as may be supposed, were great sticklers for punctuality in every sort of devout practice; mass-going, confession, lent observance, &c. Of moral duties—less tangible in their nature—they had, poor souls, but a vague and confused notion; and the criminality of actions, in reference to one's neighbour, they taught me chiefly to estimate according to the greater or smaller risk connected with them of incurring the *bastinado* from the Turks. As to manual correction at the hands of my own father, it seemed so desirable a circumstance, from the ample amends my mother never failed to make me for her husband's cruelty to her poor boy, that my only despair was at being able to obtain it so seldom.

Having contented themselves for a reasonable number of years with wistfully contemplating—the *Drogueman* my active make and well set limbs, and the *Droguemanness* my dark eyes, ruddy cheeks and raven locks,—they at last began to ponder how they might turn these gifts to the best advantage. Both agreed that something should be done, but neither knew exactly what; and the one never proposed a profession, which the other did not immediately object to,—until an old relation stepped in between, and recommended the church, as a never-failing resource to those who can think of no other. My cousin had set the example by making his own son a little *caloyer* at twelve. Prohibited by the Turks from the trade of soldier, and by my parents from that of sailor, I myself saw nothing better, and agreed to the proposal. It now became necessary to give me a smattering of learning, and I was put under the tuition of a teacher of the Hellenic language, who assumed the title of *Logiotatos*, and only averred himself inferior to *Demosthenes*, out of sheer modesty. My illiness got the better of my preceptor's learning and diligence. All the gold that flowed from the lips of *St. Chrysostom* his favourite, could not, to my taste, gild the bitter pill of his lessons; and even *Homer*, much as I liked fighting out of doors, found but an indifferent welcome in school hours. The truth is, I had a dislike to reading in the abstract; but when away from my books, I affected a great admiration for *Achilles*; called him, in reference to *Epirus* the land of my ancestors, my countryman, and regretted that I was not born two thousand years ago, for no other purpose but to be his *Patroclus*. In my fits of heroism, I swore to treat the Turks as he had done the *Trojans*, and for a time dreamt of nothing but putting to the sword the whole *Seraglio*—dwarfs, eunuchs, and all. These dreams my parents highly admired, but advised me not to divulge. "Just ran-

cour," they said, "should be bottled up, to give it more strength."—Upon this principle they cringed to the ground to every *Moslem* (true believer) they met.

Of the amour with *Helena* we present only the conclusion. Having affronted the headstrong *Anastasius*, he says,

My brain thus in a ferment, I entered the first tavern I found open; and, though by no means addicted to intemperance, drank off draught after draught of our strongest wine, until the houses in the street seemed familiarly to nod to the ships on the wave.

He accordingly embarked in a Venetian vessel, as we have mentioned, and by the fate of war came before *Hassan*, the twelfth governor who had been sent by the *Porte* to exterminate the *Arnaoot* rebels.

By birth a Persian, by the fate of war a Turkish slave, by choice among the recruits yearly raised at *Smyrna* for the *Barbary* powers, and by his own merit advanced to the rank of *Port-admiral* of *Algiers*, *Hassan* became at variance with the *Dey*. Justice was so entirely on his side, that prudence urged his immediate flight. After many wanderings, he found a patron at *Constantinople* in the famous *Raghib*, *Grand Visier* under two successive Sultans, and yet permitted to die in his bed. In the memorable battle which the Russians, after abandoning the *Morea*, gave the Turks in the straits of *Chio*, he commanded the admiral-ship of the Turks, which was attacked by that of the Russians, while the two commanders, *Chesim* and *Orlow*, both kept aloof from the fight. Prevented by his instructions from unmooring, *Hassan* towed his ship on its anchors, boarded the Russian vessel, and only threw himself into the sea, and swam ashore, when both hulks, on fire, and blown up together, mingled their wrecks in the sky. The Sultan, seeing his navy annihilated, and himself threatened with bombardment in his *Seraglio* by a fleet from the Baltic, now named *Hassan* his *Capitan-pasha*, and was saved.

Under *Hassan*, *Anastasius* fights most heroically, and slays an *Arnaoot* leader in battle. The following is a neat satire upon the customs of civilized war.

The head which, in imitation of my companions, I laid before the Pasha, he only treated as a foot-ball;—an usage which made me feel vexed for its dignity and my own; but when the whole harvest was got in, he ordered the produce to be built into the base of a handsome pyramid. The remaining *Arnaoots* of the peninsula, cut off at the *Dervens*, afterwards supplied its top, and thus afforded the inhabitants of *Tripolizza* a most agreeable vista, which they enjoy to this day. One of our men, indeed, attempted to keep back from the common store a skull of his own collecting, meaning to turn it into a drinking cup for private use: but the Pasha severely censured an idea "so disgraceful," he observed, "to a civilized

like the Turks;" and was near making its author, in punishment of his offence, contribute to the building materials from his own stock.

We must now accompany our hero to Constantinople, in the suite of the Greek drogueman, "the Lord Mavroyeni." His approach to the Greek Quarter affords an example of the accuracy of his descriptions.

It was with difficulty I could collect my scattered senses, when the time came to step down into the nut-shell, all azure and gold, which waited to convey the Drogueman's suite to the Fanar, where, with the other principal Greeks, Mavroyeni had his residence. Each stroke of the oar, after we had pushed off from the ship, made our light tick (wherry) glide by some new palace, more splendid than those which preceded it; and every fresh edifice I beheld, grander in its appearance than the former, was immediately set down in my mind as my master's habitation. I began to feel uneasy when I perceived that we had passed the handsomest district, and were advancing towards a less showy quarter; I suffered increasing pangs as we were made to step ashore on a mean looking quay, and to turn into a narrow dirty lane; and I attained the acme of my dismay, when arrived opposite a house of a dark and dingy hue, apparently crumbling to pieces with age and neglect, I was told that there lived the lord Mavroyeni. At first I tried to persuade myself that my companions were joking; but, too soon assured they only spoke the truth, I entered with a fainting heart. A new surprise awaited me within. That despised fir-wood case of dusky brown, the regular uniform of all the Fanariote palaces, and which seemed so much out of repair, that the very blinds were dropping off of their hinges, contained rooms furnished in all the splendour of Eastern magnificence. Persian carpets covered the floors, Genoa velvets clothed the walls, and gilt trellice work overcast the lofty ceilings. Clouds of rich perfumes rose on all sides from silver censers. And soon I found that this dismal exterior was an homage, paid by the cunning of the Greek geatry, to the fanaticism of the Turkish mob, impatient of whatever may, in Christians, savour of ostentation or parade. The persons of the Fanariote grandees were of a piece with their habitations. Within doors sinking under the weight of rich furs, costly shawls, jewels, and trinkets, they went out into the streets wrapped in coarse, and dingy, and often thread-bare clothing.

The following is equally descriptive of the state of the arts in Turkey, and is no doubt a genuine anecdote. Anastasius amuses himself with walking about:

In one of these rambles I remember being shewn two highly esteemed productions of the pictorial art, presented by the Drogueman to the Pasha. They were representations of two of Hassan's most memorable achievements; the surprisal of the Russians

at Lemnos, and the bombardment of Daher at Acre. In these chef-d'œuvres, all was depicted with the utmost accuracy—the vessels, the batteries, the guns, the very balls whizzing through the air, and the shells falling on the buildings. One feature alone was omitted in compliment to Turkish prejudices; a mere trifle—the combatants themselves! The picture certainly was not painted to the life; but this very circumstance—I averred to the Turkish officer my Cicerone—so far from lessening its value, was in my opinion, the most judicious thing I had ever beheld. The great point in works of art, my language master at Chio had told me, was only to bring forward the leading objects, the essential supporters of the action; and to discard all insignificant and superfluous accessories. Now, what was it that, in engagements by land or by water, did all the execution? The men?—By no means! They only stood aloof. It was the shells, the bullets, the grape shot. So much did the acuteness of this remark delight the officer, that in his rapture he clapped his broad whiskers on my face, and swore I was the only sensible Greek he ever had met with. It was evident that he knew not a countryman of mine, whom I found one morning in excessive wrath with a Perote artist—a Frank,—for having painted him a Madonna with such force of light and shade, as absolutely to stand out from the canvass. He swore it was a scandalous production;—almost as bad as an image! And the poor artist could not even obtain praise for his talent, much less payment for his labour.

Nothing can be better than the definition of the Greek character, which is put into the mouth of the drogueman.

The complexion of the modern Greek may receive a different cast from different surrounding objects: the core still is the same as in the days of Pericles. Credulity, versatility, and thirst of distinctions from the earliest periods formed, still form, and ever will continue to form the basis of the Greek character; and the dissimilarity in the external appearance of the nation arises, not from any radical change in its temper and disposition, but only from the incidental variation in the means through which the same propensities are to be gratified. The ancient Greeks worshipped an hundred gods, the modern Greeks adore as many saints. The ancient Greeks believed in oracles and prodigies, in incantations and spells; the modern Greeks have faith in relics and miracles, in amulets and divinations. The ancient Greeks brought rich offerings and gifts to the shrines of their deities, for the purpose of obtaining success in war, and pre-eminence in peace: the modern Greeks hang up dirty rags round the sanctuaries of their saints, to shake off an ague or to propitiate a mistress. The former were staunch patriots at home, and subtle courtiers in Persia; the latter defy the Turks in Mayno, and fawn upon them at the Fanar. Besides, was not every common-wealth of ancient Greece as much a prey to cabals and factions as every community of modern Greece? Does not every

modern Greek preserve the same desire for supremacy, the same readiness to undermine by every means fair or foul his competitors, which was displayed by his ancestors? Do not the Turks of the present day resemble the Romans of past ages in their respect for the ingenuity, and at the same time, in their contempt for the character of their Greek subjects? And does the Greek of the Fanar shew the least inferiority to the Greek of the Piræus in quickness of perception, in fluency of tongue, and in fondness for quibbles, for disputation, and for sophistry?—Believe me, the very difference between the Greeks of time past and of the present day arises only from their thorough resemblance, from that equal pliability of temper and of faculties in both, which has ever made them receive with equal readiness the impression of every mould, and the impulse of every agent. When patriotism, public spirit, and pre-eminence in arts, science, literature, and warfare were the road to distinction, the Greeks shone the first of patriots, of heroes, of painters, of poets, and of philosophers. Now that craft and subtlety, adulation and intrigue are the only paths to greatness, these same Greeks are—what you see them!

The personal adventures of our hero at "Stambool," as the Greeks designate Constantinople, are too remarkable to be overlooked. His first intrigue is with Theophania, a haughty dame, whose husband holds a high office at the court of Moldavia. Anastasius uses his victory over her most tyrannically; and the affair concludes thus:

I was so accustomed always to be the last in my appointments with Theophania, that one day in the verdant valley of Kiad-hané, the favourite haunt of the cupids of Constantinople, I felt rather nettled at finding myself, though much after my time, the first at the place of rendezvous. Still I waited, and waited on; until impatience began to fan my languid flame, and Theophania's star began to mount. Alas! while I was trying to cool my ardour by contemplating from the Keoschk the fleeting stream in which the weeping willow was gently dipping its delicate spray, as if striving to steal a last parting caress from the waves that fled its embrace, little did I imagine that the proud Theophania was jogging along in a rumbling kotshi—screaming until she was able to scream no longer—to the borders of the Black Sea; thence to be conveyed in an open boat—much too sick with the motion even to scold—to the port of Galatsch, where a stout mule waited to carry her, bumping in a basket, to the presence of her loving husband! He gave her a tender embrace, assured her she had a decided vocation for the monastic life, and accordingly, whisked her off the next morning to the most secluded convent in the province of Valachia; where I understand she has continued ever since fasting, praying, and scolding, by turns.

At length he is disgraced and dis-

missed abruptly; on which he remarks,

I need not observe that what to me appeared the height of injustice, was deemed by the remainder of the family only a tardy and inadequate act of equity. Such as it was, however, it caused great jubilation; and in the twinkling of an eye, the whole fannar was informed of the secretary's disgrace:—only it was ascribed to my having, with a pistol in one hand, and a sword in the other, made such proposals to Madame la Droguemane, as she could not possibly listen to—from her husband's clerk.

Bad company soon brings on beggary; and his next promotion is to be the follower of a Jew quack doctor, selling his nostrums from street to street; but this curious part we must defer till our next.

(To be continued.)

BARRY CORNWALL'S POEMS.

Agreeably to the promise in our last, we proceed to lay before our readers a few further extracts from the very sweet and poetical little volume which Mr. Cornwall (such his nom de guerre) has just presented to the public. The piece entitled "Diego de Montilla," is in a measure which reads smoothly; but which, we fancy, will on trial be found not to be very easily written. We consider it to be a difficult species of versification; and the author therefore adds the achievement of great ease and facility to the rarer feature of employing that to a considerable extent for the pathetic, which has hitherto been almost entirely devoted to the ludicrous. We begin, however, with an example of the latter kind—the description of Montilla's mistress.

Her shape was delicate: her motion free
As his, that "charter'd libertine" the air,
Or Dian's when upon the mountains she
Follo'd the fawn: her bosom full and fair;
It seem'd as Love himself might thither flee
For shelter when his brow was parched with care;
And her white arm, like marble turn'd by grace,
Was of good length, and in its proper place.
Her hair was black as night: her eyes were blue:
Her mouth was small, and from its opening
stream'd
Notes like the silver voice of young Carew,
Of whose sweet music I have often dream'd,
And then (as youths like me are wont to do)
Fancying that every other damsel scream'd,
Started to hear Miss C. again. I sit
In general (to be near her) in the pit.
Let lovers who have e'erok'd Delias swear
Their tones are 'just in tune' or 'just the
thing':
Let lying poets puff, in compleats fair;
Pan's reedy pipe—Apollo's golden string—
How Memnon sung, and made the Thebans stare
When he saw Titan's daughter scattering
Flowers—'tis all stuff, reader: what say you?
Give me (but p'rhaps I'm partial) Miss Carew.

Oh! witching as the nightingale first heard
Beneath Arabian heavens, wooing the rose,
Is she, or thrush new-mated, or the bird
That calls the morning as the last star goes
Down in the west, and out of sight is heard
Awhile, then seems in silence to repose
Somewhere beyond the clouds, in full glory
Of the new-risen Sun.—Now to my story:

We add one other brief specimen of the same style.

Diego, when he found all hope was gone,
Determin'd like a prudent man to fly;
At first he tore his hair (it was his own)
But, then, his mother—she began to cry,
And asked him, would he leave her all alone
(She who had watch'd and lov'd him long) to die,
And her gray hairs to the grave with sorrow bring?
He said 'he could not think of such a thing.'
He said 'Dear Mother, on my honour (not
'In its new meaning) from Madrid I'll go,
'And if I think more of her I'll be shot.'
Yet, as he spoke, a settled look of woe
Declared she never could be quite forgot
Whom in his young heart he had worshipp'd
so;
And the mute eloquence of his sickly smile
Told all his thoughts, for grief doth not beguile.
The knave (it is his study) and the fool
(For he has glimpses) and the madmen may
Deceive; they do by accident or rule,
And keep their look of cunning from the day:
But grief is lesson'd in an honest school,
And o'er the face spreads out, in sad array,
Its pallid colours or its hectic flush;
It ought to put the others to the blush.

He travels to dissipate his grief...
Well, this went on? he found that wine was better
'Than thought, while thought ran cankering
thro' his breast,
And so he talk'd of other things, and let her
Sweet name sometimes ('Divine Aurelia') rest:
To finish, he sat down and wrote a letter,
In which he said that—'all was for the best—
'That love might grow to folly—that his mother
'Had but one child, and might not have another.'
'That filial duty was a noble thing:
'That he must live tho' 'gainst his inclination,
'For tho' he once resolv'd, he said, to fling
'Himself into the sea, as an oblation
'To Cupid, yet, as love had lost its sting,
'He'd take a dip merely for recreation:
'And then he added he should go to Cadiz,
'To see the place, and how he lik'd the ladies.'
The letter ended with—I quite forget
The actual words, but with some short apology,
About his lungs, he said he ow'd a debt
To nature, and—pshaw! tho' I've been to college I
Am in the Doctors' language stupid yet,
And often blunder in my phraseology;
No matter, he was sick he did declare,
And wanted change of scene and country air.
And then he rambled thro' his native land,
And by her rivers wide and silver rills
Running thro' cork and beechen forests, and
Breath'd the brave air of those immortal hills,
Which like an altar or memorial stand
Of patriot spirits, whose achievement fills
Story and song: for, once, the Spanish name
Was noble and identified with fame.

But we think it is in the tender that our bard shines most naturally. The death of Aurora, a younger sister, lov-

ing and beloved after Aurelia's scorn breaks off that attachment, is exquisitely simple.

Oh! would she sit and look upon the sky,
When rich clouds in the golden sun-set lay
Basking, and loved to hear the soft winds sigh
That come like music at the close of day
Trembling amongst the orange blooms, and die
As 'twere from very sweetness. She was gay,
Meekly and calmly gay, and then her gaze
Was brighter than belongs to dying days,
And on her young thin cheek a vivid flush,
A clear transparent colour sate awhile:
'Twas like, a bard would say, the morning's blush,
And 'round her mouth there played a gentle smile,

Which tho' at first it might your terrors hush,
It could not, tho' it strove, at last beguile;
And her hand shook, and then 'rose the blue vein

Branching about in all its windings plain.

The girl was dying. Youth and beauty—all
Men love or women boast of was decaying,
And one by one life's finest powers did fall
Before the touch of death, who seem'd delaying
As tho' he'd not the heart at once to call
The maiden to his home. At last, arraying
Himself in softest guise, he came: she sigh'd
And, smiling as tho' her lover whisper'd, died.

We can give but one example more: it is in the same strain, addressed to Hesper, "the evening light of love."

How sweet it is to see that courier star
(Which like the spirit of the twilight shines)
Come stealing up the broad blue heaven afar,
Silvering the dark tops of the distant pines,
Until his mistress in her brighter car
Enters the sky, and then his light declines:
But sweetest when in lonely spots we see
The gentle, watchful, amorous deity.
He comes more lovely than the Hours: his look
Sheds calm refreshing light, and eyes that burn
With glancing at the sun's so radiant book
Unto his softer page with pleasure turn:
'Tis like the murmur of some shaded brook,
Or the soft welling of a Naiad's urn,
After the sounding of the vast sea-waves.
'Tis after jealous fears the faith that saves.
Then bashful boys stammer their faint fond vows,
Then like a whisper music seems to float
Around us: then from out the thicket boughs
Cometh the nightingale's so tender note,
And then the young girl listens, and allows
(Mov'd by the witching of the sweet bird's throat)

To passion its first kisses.

It is with reluctance we take leave of so pleasing a companion...a poet who does not startle, but delights us; who never offends by one immodest word; who seeks his images, not in the lofty regions of magnificent obscurity, but in the calmly vivid objects which nature so prodigally offers to the choice of the genuine bard; who, bee-like, flies in music from flower to flower, and whether he alights upon the rue or the heart's-ease, finds means to extract a sweet. Of these we cull but one other (from the miscellanies) to close our observations.

SONG.

Thou shalt sing to me
When the waves are sleeping,
And the winds are creeping
'Round the embowering chesnut tree.

Thou shalt sing by night,
When no birds are calling,
And the stars are falling
Brightly from their mansions bright.

Of those thy song shall tell
From whom we've never parted,
The young, the tender-hearted.
The gay, and all who loved us well.

But we'll not profane
Such a favorite hour
Nor our gentle bowers,
With a thought that tastes of pain.

Life and character of Madame de Staël.
(Concluded.)

Few incidents in the life of any lady, ignorant or literary, are of greater consequence than marriage: it is well known that Mad. de Staël kept her second experiment of this nature secret, and that the circumstance gave rise to many surmises, to some scandal, and to endless discussions in all the blue-stocking coteries of Europe. Mad. de Staël's account of this matter cannot fail to be read with interest: it follows—

As I am not writing the life of Madame de Staël, I ought to refrain from multiplying narratives, that would give this sketch the appearance of an imperfect biography. Nevertheless, I should reproach myself were I to pass over in silence an event of such importance as her second marriage, and the circumstance of her life, that could not fail to excite most astonishment, obliges me to enter into some particulars.

A young man, of good family, inspired a great deal of interest at Geneva by what was said of his eminent courage, and by the contrast between his age and his tottering walk, his paleness, and the state of weakness to which he was reduced. Some wounds received in Spain, and the effects of which ultimately proved mortal, had brought him to the gates of death, and he remained ill and suffering. A compassionate word or two, addressed to the unfortunate man by Mad. de Staël, had a prodigious effect on him. There was something celestial in her tone of voice. Madame de Staël said: "If I were a queen, I would have Madame de Staël to talk to me always." This ravishing music renewed the existence of the young man: his head and heart were fired: he set no bounds to his wishes, and immediately formed the greatest projects. "I will love her so," said he at a very early period to one of his friends, "that she will at length marry me." A singular expression, that might be inspired by various motives; but to which the most uninterrupted devotedness and enthusiasm oblige us to give a favourable interpretation.

These lofty pretensions were seconded by circumstances. Madame de Staël was extremely unhappy, and weary of being so.

Her highly elastic mind had a tendency to resilience, and required but one hope. Thus, at the moment when the bonds of her captivity were drawing more and more close, and gloomy clouds were gathering over her head from all quarters, a new day came to break upon her; happiness revived as from its ashes in her desolate heart; and the dream of all her life, matrimonial love, seemed capable of being realized to her. What such an union was, in her eyes, is well known. That pleasantry of hers, which has been quoted, "I will oblige my daughter to marry for love," expressed a serious opinion. The thought of forming such a tie herself had never been altogether a stranger to her mind. In speaking of the asylum, which she hoped some day to find in England, she has sometimes said: "I feel a want of tenderness, of happiness, and of support: and, if I find there a noble character, I will make a sacrifice of my liberty." This noble character was found, on a sudden, close by her. No doubt she might have made a more suitable choice: but the inconvenience of love matches is, that they do not originate from choice.

It is certain, however, that this union rendered her happy. She had formed a just opinion of the noble mind of Mr. Rocca. She found in him extreme tenderness, constant admiration, chivalrous sentiments; and, what always pleased Madame de Staël, language naturally poetic, imagination, even talents, as some writings of his show, graceful pleasantry, a sort of irregular and unexpected wit, which stimulated hers, and gave her life the zest of variety. To these were added profound pity for the sufferings he endured, and apprehensions continually reviving, that kept alive her emotions, and enchained her thoughts.

She would have done better, no doubt, had she avowed this marriage; but a degree of timidity, from which the sort of courage she possessed did not emancipate her, and her attachment to the name she had rendered illustrious, having restrained her, her ideas were wholly employed in parrying the difficulties of her situation. Must we say, that it would have been better for her not to have placed herself in that situation? Must we say, that Madame de Staël is not to be set up as an example in every point? To this she herself would willingly have assented: this she has said to her children; this she has insinuated in her writings, as much as a proud mind, conscious of its own greatness, would permit. She was a phenomenon, single in its kind, upon earth. With her we forget the conditions of our nature; we forget, that society, being arranged for the mean of human faculties, prodigious gifts are discordant to the organization of life. It would have been something still more extraordinary than Madame de Staël, if nothing had been extraordinary in her but genius, if an interior existence of such activity, the actual source of her talents, had manifested itself by her talents alone.

The happy improvidence of her character was of great service to her in the course of this union. After severe alarms for the

health of Mr. Rocca, she quietly resumed the belief, that his life was not in danger, and that his sufferings were merely casual. Nothing remained of her uneasiness but a constant attention, remarkable in a person of such vivacity, to the cares necessary for his preservation. All her great intellect was employed to serve him. But who can express what she suffered in critical moments? At Pisa, where he was near dying, she compared herself to Marshal Ney, who was then expecting his sentence every hour. Endued with talents, that preserved her from no sorrow, and augmented all she felt, she has since said, that she would write a book, the title of which should be, "One sole unhappiness in life, the loss of a beloved object."

This unhappiness was destined to be that of the young and unfortunate Rocca. That life so threatened, that frail reed, which had served for a moment as a support to an existence apparently so strong, was still less frail than that existence itself. However, he did not long survive her. Sorrow, and carelessness of life, soon put an end to his short existence. He repaired to the fine climate of Provence, to breathe his last, and expired in the arms of a brother. * * *

A division of the volume is allotted to the way of life, business, studies, &c. of its celebrated subject, which will be perused with interest by her many admirers; but the details are generally too minute to induce us to quote them. We shall, therefore, rather adduce anecdotes and dicta, which from their point or application seem deserving of that selection, than go into the general picture of private life.

One of Bonaparte's ministers having desired her to be told, that the emperor would reward her if she would attach herself to him, she answered, "I was aware that a certificate of being alive is necessary to the receipt of an annuity, but I did not know that it required a declaration of love." *

* Our readers need not be told that there are always two sides of a story; that even angels have their detractors, and devils their admirers. It is but fair, therefore, from the excess of our stores respecting Madame de Staël, to draw out a little sketch, on the contra page of the ledger, which her biographer, of course, has not noticed.

The following particulars are related at Paris by the Buonapartists. "During the first campaign in Italy, where Napoleon established his reputation, Madame de Staël often wrote long letters to him, and was not sparing in praises; her expressions breathed the most glowing enthusiasm. In the high flight of her mind she assured the General, with a bold and delicate turn, that they were created for each other. She even once touched upon matrimony; and hinted that she thought that there might be cases in which a union accidentally formed, might be dissolved. Buonaparte never returned any answer to these letters. After his return from the Italian campaigns, at the great fêtes which the government gave to him, Madame de Staël was unwearied in her attendance on Buonaparte. He always treated her with great coolness. Once she turned to him and said: 'It is reported that you

From her earliest youth she had acquired a habit of suffering interruption cheerfully. As Mr. Necker had forbidden his wife to write, lest he should be embarrassed by the idea of incommodeing her on entering her apartment, Mademoiselle Necker, who did not wish to draw upon herself such a prohibition, had accustomed herself to write as it were flying; so that seeing her always standing or leaning on a corner of the mantle-piece, her father could never suppose that he was interrupting her in any serious employment. To such a degree did she respect this little foible of Mr. Necker, that she had not the slightest accommodation for writing in her apartment till long after she had lost him. At last, when Corinna had made a great noise in foreign countries, she said to me, "I have a great desire to have a large table; I think I have a right to one now."

"There were few moments of her life when she totally gave up labour. Her faculties most commonly predominated over her grief: and, as what she wrote always bore some relation to her sorrows, she could still write, when reading was insufficient to call off her thoughts from them. 'I comprehend nothing of what I read,' she said, 'and so I am obliged to write.'

But if her mind loved to form literary schemes, on the other hand it very quickly lost sight of her old productions. "When a work is once printed," said she, "I trouble myself about it no farther: it makes its own way as well as it can." Except *Delphine*, which she reviewed carefully, because she had been censured on the score of the moral effect of this novel, I do not think that she ever read over one of her own books; she even thought of them so little that she forgot them all in succession. When an expression in them was quoted to her she was astonished and said: "Did I indeed write that? I am quite charmed with it; it is excellently well expressed." Two of her friends, in concert, once remodelled her chapter on love, in *The Influence of the Passions*, substituting divine, in the room of terrestrial, love. When they read this piece to her she listened to the end with the utmost attention, quite enchanted, and eager to learn the name of the author.

This is a very natural statement. We believe that most persons who have written much will recognize its truth. The almost absolute oblivion of ideas, consigned from the mind to paper, and the forgetfulness of important transactions in other relations of life united therewith, would form a curious subject

don't love women?" "Pardon me," replied he, "I love my wife tenderly."

"Another time she asked him, 'What woman, from the most ancient times to the present, he considered as the greatest?' 'That woman,' replied he, 'who has had the most children.' Upon this she quietly turned away from him, but even in the sequel, did not give over her exertions to ingratiate herself in his favour. She endeavoured to obtain the situation of *Dame du Palais* to the Empress Maria Louisa, but without success. Ed.

of philosophical inquiry to any literary man. But to return to M. de Staël.

She was very patient under the seizure of her work on *Germany*; and when she was told that General Savary had sent the edition to the mill, in order to be converted into paste-board, "I wish, at least," she answered, "that he would send me the paste-board for my bonnets."

She was conscious of her superiority, and has sometimes said of an author mentioned to her, "He is not my equal; and if ever we enter into a contest, he will come out of it limping." When yet very young, and at a time when she had rather a presentiment than any proof of her strength, I have heard her carry her hopes so high that I have much doubted her ever realizing them. Her auditors might sometimes be astonished at certain phrases, not often used, which she uttered with the greatest simplicity: "With all the understanding I possess, with my talents, my reputation," &c. She frequently repeated to her friends the praises she received in letters, but there was an extreme good-nature in her self-love. It was not always present; and when it was, it said frankly, "Here I am."

Once she was asked what book she would choose, if she were confined to the possession of one. After excepting the Bible, and the *Course of Religious Morals* of her father, she said, that for the sake of thought she would take Bacon, as the author who seemed to her most inexhaustible.

Works of imagination transported her beyond conception. In this respect she had impressions of extraordinary vivacity; and when she made any discovery of this kind, she spoke of it incessantly. She could not avoid giving her friends the passages to read that had struck her, and her joy was quite an event in her circle. René, the episode of Velleda, in the *Martyrs*; the scene of the burial, in the *Antiquary*; and the first poems of Lord Byron; gave her inexpressible emotion, and for a time renewed her existence.

The description of Mad. de Staël's fondness for private theatricals, of her acting, and dramatic productions, is very entertaining. Her biographer says, that she could never, even on the stage, imitate real madness or incoherence; and the following anecdote shows how difficult it was for her to enter fully into the sentiment of inhumanity.

About twenty years ago, when on a visit to me in the country, it was proposed to play *proverbs*. A sketch of Carmontel, entitled *Le Barard* (The Prater), was selected, in which a great lady, ill and nervous, consents to use her interest in favour of an old soldier, who is soliciting a pension; but on the express condition that he states his case to her in the fewest words possible. The prater, who is duly cautioned beforehand, nevertheless indulges himself in such an exuberance of words, that he exhausts the patience of his patroness, and she will have nothing more to say to him. Madame de Staël represented the great lady. At first she

acted her part very well; she counterfeited languor to perfection, next weariness, then vexation and impatience; but when the moment came for inflicting pain on the old soldier, it was impossible for her to bring herself to this. He had spoken of his wife and children; he was at bottom one of the best men in the world; it required too hard a heart to refuse him. Quitting, therefore, altogether her assumed character, and totally destroying the point of the piece, she told him with real emotion, that in future he had better not talk so much, but that for this time she would undertake his suit. Such in fact was Madame de Staël; she was not only incapable of giving pain to any person voluntarily, but, subject as she was to *ennui*, she really felt none when she could be useful to others.

The little dramas which she composed were, says Mad. de Saussure—

Full of originality, and the favourite ideas of the authoress were displayed in them invested with great pleasantry.

Thus we have in one a Corinna in low life, a signora Fantastici, a musician, actress, poetess, who arrives at a little town in Switzerland, where for two centuries every person had done just the same things day after day. First she turns the head of one of the sons of the family where she lodges, then of another, then of the father, then of the mother herself, and lastly even that of the commissary sent to arrest her, and finally carries all these personages off with her to Italy. In another we have a coxcomb, who exchanges the portrait of his mistress for two copies of his own; who declines the hand of a woman of great wit and elegance, because she outshines him in company; and concludes with asking in marriage a person of the most unpretending merit, who unfortunately turns out to be nothing but a painter's model.

Of all these little pieces, that which displays most comic power is a comedy without any decided plot, entitled *Captain Kermode*. The humour of such a piece cannot be given in an extract, which would have only the improbability of the leading idea. But wherever good actors are to be found, a judgment may be formed of the original effect of this trifle on the stage.

Madame de Staël composed also some serious dramas, on subjects taken from the Bible, or the Lives of the Saints.

The authoress takes an interesting view of her subject in the decline of life; but, having so far occupied our columns, we can only exhibit a few of the striking traces.

Among the happy effects of time on Madame de Staël must be included the greater stability that religious ideas were continually acquiring in her mind, and the improving habit of applying them to the actual occurrences of life. Her scruples, which had always looked to the consequences of her actions, attached themselves more to their motives. Prayer, that sentimental want of hers, placing her incessantly in communication with the source of all excellence, caused a pure

light to penetrate her heart. "Whenever I am alone I pray," said she to her children. She wrote to me from Sweden on the subject of Mr. de Montmorency: "There is no such thing as absence to the religious, because they meet in the sentiment of prayer." Every moment we find in her letters a request to pray for her, and her children.

Madame de Staël thought it was pride in man to endeavour to penetrate the secret of the universe; and speaking of the higher metaphysics she said: "I prefer the Lord's Prayer to it all." During her long periods of sleeplessness she was accustomed to repeat this prayer incessantly in order to calm her mind. Sighs, certain exclamations that she was in the habit of uttering, were with her pious invocations. Thus the following words that escaped her frequently: "Poor human nature! alas! what are we? Ah, life, life!" were religious sentiments venting themselves.

That conviction too, so profound and so frequently expressed, that divine justice already began to be exerted in this world, was piety in her. "Life," said she to her daughter, applying to religion a well-known comparison, "resembles Gobelins tapestry, the texture of which you cannot discern, when you look at it on the right side; but every thread of which is perceptible when you examine the back. The mystery of existence is the connexion of our faults with our sufferings. I never committed a wrong that was not the cause of a misfortune." * * *

It was in her last work that we find the following sublime sentence: "Man is reduced to dust by infidelity;" and this: "Religion is the life of the soul."

At the very close of her life she was heard to utter delightful things—

"I have always been the same, lively and gay," she observed to Mr. Chateaubriand: "I have loved God, my father, and liberty."

On quoting these words of Fontenelle: "I am a Frenchman, I am fourscore years old, yet I never ridiculed the slightest virtue:" she added, "I can say as much of the slightest suffering."

Death, morally considered, gave her no alarm. She preserved so much tranquillity, as to wish to dictate to Mr. Schlegel the description of what she felt. Her thoughts were always turned with hope towards her father, and towards immortality. "My father waits for me on the other shore," she said. She beheld her father with God, and in God himself could see nothing but a father. These two ideas were confounded in her heart; and that of a protecting goodness was inseparable from both. One day, rousing from a state of reverie, she said: "I think I know what the transition from life to death is; and I am sure, that the goodness of God softens it to us. Our ideas become confused, and the pain is not very acute."

Her confidence was not disappointed: the profoundest tranquillity presided over her last moments. Long before she expired, the grand struggle had ended, and her soul departed gently.

Such was the end of Madame de Staël,

the most loving genius, perhaps, that ever existed.

We shall not lengthen this review by reflections, though Mad. de Saussure's work is calculated to give rise to a great many. As an Interior View of one of the most splendid of human structures, it must soon obtain a very wide circulation; and we think that, making due allowance for a few individual and a few national peculiarities, it must be universally received as a production of uncommon merit and almost unprecedented interest.

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS, FOR AUGUST.

Art. I.—Bowdich's Mission to Ashantee.—

Having, on the first appearance of this important work, given an ample account of it in several succeeding numbers of the Literary Gazette, we have only the pleasure of observing, that Mr. Biot, in his very able review, continued in the September number of the Journal des Savans, fully concurs in the high opinion of it, which we repeatedly expressed.

Art. II.—Histoire de la République de Venise, par P. Daru, de l'Académie Française, 7 vols. 8vo.

This important work gives the complete history of the illustrious republic of Venice, from its very origin till the revolution, which, in our times, has changed its ancient institutions and its government.

It is warmly panegyricized by the reviewer; but as the notice is unfinished, we defer entering upon it till it is brought to a conclusion.

JAPAN.

Art. III. Ceremonies usitées au Japon, pour les Mariages et les Funérailles, &c. translated from the Japanese, (into French) by the late M. Titsingh, chief of the Dutch Company at Nangasaki, and Ambassador in China, 2 vols. 8vo. with 16 plates from original Japanese drawings.

These two volumes commence the publication of the MSS. of the late Mr. Titsingh: it is well known, with what zeal he took advantage of the situation which he held in Japan for many years, to collect documents respecting every thing that merits observation in that empire; and the expectations that have been formed of his labours are so great, that our readers will perhaps be obliged to us for entering into some details on the subject.

Mr. T. during his residence at Nangasaki and at Jeddo, had collected numerous materials, in the natural, civil, and political history of Japan. Being connected by the ties of friendship, with the principal officers of the Government, and having at his disposal all the resources of the Dutch factory, he had preserved printed books, MSS., a great number of drawings, plans, and maps. He had himself learnt as much Japanese as can be acquired without knowing the Chinese characters; and had besides the assistance of able interpreters. These interpreters, in general sufficiently versed in the history of

China and Japan, were also well acquainted with the Dutch language; and many persons of Jeddo, Miyako, and Osaka, with whom Mr. T. kept up a regular correspondence, were also masters of that tongue, and used it to express in their letters what they wished to conceal from the knowledge of their countrymen. Skilful physicians, the princes of Tamba and Satsuma, and several other persons, distinguished by their knowledge and by their rank, were among the correspondents whom Mr. T. could consult. Such were the resources which this zealous traveller had at his disposal, and the means by which he succeeded in forming a collection composed partly of books and original memoirs, and partly of translations made under his inspection by the Japanese interpreters themselves. It was celebrated 20 years ago; for the English at Calcutta, as Charpentier Cessigny relates, offered the possessor two lacks of rupees, (half a million of francs) for it. Mr. T. declined this advantageous offer, because, at that time, he intended to employ these materials in compiling a book, which should do honor to his country, and promote the interest of Dutch commerce. Subsequent events modified his plan, and altered his resolutions; and this is the reason that at his death, some of his MSS. were found to be written in Dutch, others in English, and several in French.

Happily, these MSS. which were on the point of being dispersed, have been acquired by a spirited French bookseller, who intends to print them successively, with the necessary engravings, and thus give us a series of works relative to Japan, which will satisfy the curiosity of the Europeans on all important points.

Geography is one of the sciences which may gain the most by the publication of Mr. T.'s MSS. or of the originals which he has brought from Japan. The magnificent map of that Empire, the description of the neighbouring countries, that is of Corea, Yesso, the Loo Choo Islands, (Lieu-Khèou, *) and of the uninhabited islands, two other maps of Yesso, 18 inches by 14, with the names translated into Dutch, that of the island of Desima, the detailed plans of Jeddo, of Miyako, Osaka, and Nangasaki, two series of views taken along the road leading from Nangasaki to the capital, on two rollers, one 29 feet, the other 46 feet in length, and many other materials of the same kind, are the more worthy of being employed by European geographers, as nothing hitherto seen can surpass their exactness and authenticity.

Natural history may also be enriched by some new facts. I shall not speak of several details relative to medicine and surgery, which are less objects of utility than of curiosity; nor shall I say any thing of several designs representing volcanoes in a state of eruption; but I cannot wholly pass over the drawings and memoirs relative to the fishery

* We take the liberty of reminding our readers of what we have stated on a former occasion, that (except in words of general notoriety) we retain the orthography of the Chinese and Japanese words, adopted by Mr. Remusat in his articles in the Journal des Savans. Ed.

of whales, many species of which are perhaps not sufficiently known by naturalists; his collection of paintings representing fish, crustaceous animals, and mollusca, drawn with the greatest accuracy; several treatises on botany, with plates engraved on wood, or painted with great care, and in which it would be easy for a skilful botanist to find the elements of a *Flora Japonica*, more complete and detailed than that of Thunberg; but above all, a collection in folio, containing seventy-seven plants so well drawn, and coloured in such perfection, that, in my opinion, nothing that has come from Asia can give so favourable an idea of the state of the arts in that part of the world†.

In historical books, the collection is especially rich and valuable: the most considerable is, without doubt, the MS. history of Japan, in eighty volumes, which Mr. T. presented to the king's library: but he possessed also chronological and synoptical tables of the succession of the emperors and princes of China and Japan, much more perfect than those which have been published by Deguignes; the imperial and statistical almanach of the latter country, in which are pointed out the offices of state, the administrative hierarchy, and the revenues of the principal houses, from the most considerable sums downwards to that of 10,000 kobangs, or 120,000 francs inclusive; the *Nipon-o dai itai ran*, or the annals of the sovereign pontiffs called *Dairis*, and consequently those of the whole empire. Mr. Titsingh has translated this work into Dutch and into French. The history of Japan is at present known only by the short chronicle given by Koenpfer; this will therefore fill up an important void in the annals of the people of Asia. Lastly, the history of the reigning dynasty of the Djogouns, or seventeen princes of Japan, taken from unpublished memoirs, continued to the time when the Dutch traveller resided in the country, is perhaps a more rare, and more piquant work. It is well known, that in Japan as in China, a fundamental law forbids historians to publish memoirs relative to a dynasty, while it fills the throne. Probably, therefore, this collection, which is full of anecdotes and characteristic traits, will appear in Europe before it is published in Japan; and we shall be better informed than the Japanese themselves, of the events of their modern history.

Finally, the manners, the ceremonies, and the customs of this singular people, have furnished Mr. T. with many curious remarks, and he has collected on these subjects several memoirs and a very large number of drawings. An accurate and attentive traveller was here on his own ground; and information of this kind is the more valuable, as erudition cannot entirely supply the place of it. I do not however say, that it would not be possible to draw a complete, and even

† A treatise on botany, coming from the same source, in seven volumes, and which has been ceded to me since the death of Mr. Titsingh, contains about 200 plates very well engraved on wood, from very accurate drawings. This work is, in its kind, a sort of master-piece.

sufficiently extensive picture of the usages and institutions of the Japanese, of their mechanical arts, their domestic ceremony, and their agricultural processes, from the great encyclopedic work which Mr. Titsingh has bequeathed to the Royal Library; but we cannot expect to find in a collection of this kind a great number of details, for which it is necessary to have recourse to special treatises, or, what is still better, to the observations of travellers, who know, better than the natives, what will be the most gratifying to our curiosity.

PACIS ANNIS MDCCXIV ET MDCCXV. *Fœderatis Armis Restituta Monumentum Orbis Terrarum de Fortuna Reduere Gaudia Gentium Linguam Interpretens Principibus Pius felicibus augustis Populisque Victoribus liberatoribus liberatis dicatum.* Curante Johanne Augusto Barth. Vratislaviæ.

Such is the title of a great literary curiosity, published at Vratislav in August 1818, and of which we have a copy before us. As a polyglot specimen of languages, and of lithographic ornament, it is a very extraordinary volume; and though we despair of conveying any thing like an adequate idea of it, we shall describe its general appearance and character.

This lingual and typographical monument to the peace of 1814-15, is a very large folio, on each page of which is inscribed something applicable to the subject, in prose or verse, in a different language. In this way all the known tongues among mankind are exhausted. Curious emblematical designs also adorn nearly one moiety of these pages, so that they are pictures as well as examples of languages.

The first division of the work is into "lingue Germanice et veterum Europæorum reliquiis:" here we have German, Runic, Anglo-Saxon, Mæso-Gothic (silver letters on a red ground), French, Alemannish, Lower German, Tyrolese (on a beautiful green curtain); Dutch, English, Danish, Swedish, Icelandic, Celtic, Gaelic, Cymric, and Cambro-British—in all *seventeen*.

The second division consists of "Lingua Græca cum Latina ejusque filiabus:" Greek, Latin, Monkish, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, modern French, Roman (from the upper country), and Roman (Engadinic)—in all *nine*.

The third division comprizes "lingue Slavonicæ et Finnicæ:" Slavonic, Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Gorabic, Servian, Hungarian, Lithuanian, Lettitan, Esthonian, Finnish, and Laplandic (on a singular picture of a rein-deer's skin)—in all *twelve*.

The fourth division is "Lingue Semitice et ceteræ Asiaticæ:" Hebrew, Samaritan, Chaldaic, Syrian, Arabic, Moorish, Turkish, Persian, Armenian, Tonbucic, Chinese, and Sinic—in all *twelve*.

The fifth division comprehends the "lingue Indice:" Sanscrit, Tamul (inscribed on representations of flags), Hindostanee—*three*. The sixth division is occupied with the "lingue Indice orientalis:" but these dia-

lects are too numerous to have each a separate page, and are therefore, to the number of thirty-four, grouped several on one page. We shall only enumerate a portion of the principal: Bengalee, Kashmerian, Kutchie, Malwaan, Mahrattan, Nepaulic, Assamie, Burmanic, Guzeratic, Sindhic, Marawarie, Punjabi, Afghian, &c. &c.

The seventh division displays the "lingue Africanæ et Americanæ:" Coptic, Ethiopian, Susice, Arawakkic, Creole, Delawarie, Greenlandish, Eskimaux, Caribbean, Mexican, Peruvian, Amharic, Bullomic, &c. &c.—in all 20 specimens.

The whole number of languages thus exemplified is *one hundred and seven*; and the work is certainly unique, for the style in which it has displayed this *Babel of Tongues*. If our recollection is correct, however, the polyglot produced at Paris, and presented to the Pope by order of Buonaparte, gave the Lord's prayer in a still greater number of languages (we believe 150); and we have to notice on the present occasion, that in some of the inscriptions the letters are not all pure, but the Roman or other characters mixed, to convey the sound, with the real letters of the dialects, of which, it is evident, Mr. Barth had not complete alphabets.

Before we conclude we must guard ourselves from severe reprehension should we have blundered in our nomination of any of these languages; for we confess, (with perfect humility, as editors of a literary work) that we have been exceedingly puzzled with some of their German cognomens and *shopa* that would defy the admirable Creighton himself, could he start from his tomb.

An Appeal from the Judgement of Great Britain respecting the United States of America. Part First, containing an historical outline of their merits and wrongs as Colonies; and strictures upon the columns of British Writers. By Robert Walsh, Esq. Philadelphia and London, 1819. 8vo. pp. 505.

This is a warm American view of American affairs. It repels every charge upon the national character brought by British travellers; defends every thing in, and every part of the Union; and, from past history and present relations, comes to the sweeping conclusion, that England is a tyrannical mistress to Ireland, has been a jealous step-mother to her colonies, and is, now that she can do no worse, a malevolent scold.

Mr. Walsh, of course, reprobates the illiberality and want of candour in English writers!

His defence is avowedly offensive; and perhaps this is not inexcusable, if he really believes that "a war is waged without sin or intermission against the reputation of his native land." We like people to be zealous in such a cause; and have no objection to see Mr. Walsh pitted, with all his laborious research, against our authors, reviewers, parliamentary speakers, and newspaper writers. He has plenty on his hands, and has given us a swinging volume, if not a triumphant case.

It may well be supposed, that we cannot enter into this warfare; but we consider it only an act of justice to inform our readers that such an American Champion has appeared, to vindicate his country, and show that she has been treated with "invariable unkindness and injustice by Great Britain." He says that, "even in our schools a hatred of America is taught;" and quotes as an example of it, the translation of a Latin prologue, spoken at the Westminster Anniversary, about the conclusion of the war, the subject *emigration to the United States*.

From the very beginning of its existence, the author contends, that Great Britain manifested great political and mercantile jealousy of America (not very likely when a colonial part of herself); that she has never ceased to defame it, and endeavour to prevent the growth of its manufactures; and that in every instance in which the United States have been assailed, the accusers have been more wicked and more blamable than the accused. In executing his purpose, Mr. Walsh has gone deeply into the early history of the trans-atlantic settlements; and with indefatigable industry has brought together a great mass of criminatory and recriminatory topics. His book is quite a vade mecum of anti-English charges, and in this light may be consulted by those who wish to hear all that America can say for herself and against others. It is a contrast to Bristed's able work; and though exceedingly prolix, and exceedingly bigotted to one side of the question, full of matters that are not unentertaining. In one sentence we can characterize the author—"he justifies the slave trade."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HISTORY OF NAPLES.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

MR. EDITOR.—Having observed a short notice of Count Orloff's Memoirs, in the last number of your useful and entertaining miscellany, I beg leave to inform you, that they were originally written in French, and that M. Duval has merely performed the office of preparing them for the press; also of adding a variety of notes, which will, I am led to think, be found generally interesting. I confess, however, that the one quoted in the Literary Gazette, may be regarded as an exception to the above opinion; but, the transactions to which it relates can hardly be considered as fair matter of historical disquisition, until the prejudices and passions of contemporary writers have subsided a little more on the subject. The remarks of the Editor, connected with the former history of Naples, are of a very different description, and tend greatly to improve the general character of the work, from the facilities afforded to M. Duval in the libraries of the French capital.

When I returned from Sicily in 1812, it was my intention, however unequal to the task, to follow up the attempt I then made, to describe the civil and political state of that island, with an English edition of its history,

which I still consider as a desideratum in the literature of this country, there being no such work in our language, while we boast of one for almost every other island, however insignificant, in the civilized world! Circumstances obliged me to relinquish the idea, without altogether abandoning it; so that being somewhat more at leisure, when the work of Count Orloff reached the metropolis, a very cursory examination of its design and execution, convinced me that if put forth in an English dress, the proposed object relative to Sicily might be in part realized, while the novel circumstance of the book's being written in very pure French by a Russian Senator, entitles it to rank amongst the literary curiosities of the day. I am farther inclined to believe, that the liberal and enlightened nature of the Count's political sentiments will only tend to strengthen that claim.

Deferring the pleasure of sending you a few less exceptionable extracts, than that which has already appeared in your miscellany, to a future opportunity, I ought to state that the portion I have prepared for the press only contains the historical part, there being two more forthcoming. It is supposed that the whole will consist of five or six volumes. Part II. entitled Considerations on the Laws and Administration of Justice in the Kingdom of Naples, from the earliest periods, will appear in a few months, and be soon after followed by the third and last portion, containing the Literary History of Naples, a subject on which we are as yet comparatively ignorant. I am, &c.

Dec. 5. 1819.

E. BLAQUIERE.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

BATAVIA.

An account of Professor Reinwardt's Tour in Java has reached us, which contains some particulars of scientific interest, relative to the high mountains in the presidency of Preang. From the mountain Salak, which is about 7000 English feet in height, he went to the beautiful waterfall of the river Diangtang, in the district of Sadang, where he made numerous geological observations, and examined the prodigious variety of natural productions in those parts. The mountains Salak and Tjibitong are basalt, and the waterfall consists of regular basaltic columns: while the neighbouring mountain, Tjampia, is entirely composed of lime-stone. Gedé, to the north of Salak, is estimated at 8400 feet, and reckoned the highest mountain in Java: the atmosphere all around is loaded with almost perpetual damps and vapours.

The greatest height of the thermometer was at noon 71°, and the lowest before sunrise between 46° and 47°. This highest point of the Gedé, called Seda Ratoes, is entirely overgrown with trees and plants, standing in a deep soil, except a small part of the northern, and steeper side, where some rows of basaltic columns, over each other, are seen. But very different is the appearance from this point of view, of a second

top of Gedé, called by the natives Mount Kawa, which lies on the north-west of the Seda Ratoes, is nearly of the same height, and separated from it by a broad deep valley. It is nearly overgrown with small bushes and low plants, as is also the level of the valley between the two mountains, forming at the first sight a striking contrast with the thick woods which cover Seda Ratoes. The traveller, having descended into the bottom of the valley, soon discovered, that it was entirely filled with a loose volcanic ash; and he concluded from this, and from the appearance Kawa, that the latter mountain must have on one of its sides, the crater, from which these volcanic substances had been thrown. This conjecture was converted into certainty, when he ascended the top of Kawa, where he was stopped in his farther progress by a very extensive hollow, entirely surrounded by high naked rocks, and within and round which on all sides, traces of convulsions which shewed the violent effects of the subterraneous fire; so that he could no longer doubt that he was on the edge of an extensive crater.

On the north-west side of the great crater, and on the inside of a large funnel-shaped hollow, boiling hot water and sulphureous vapours issue with a great noise, from numerous openings and fissures between the stones: the whole interior of this space is crusted over with sulphur as yellow as gold, and a whitish water fills the bottom of it.

We may mention, as of great importance to the geography of plants, the great diversity of vegetation in the Gedé, according as the nature of the atmosphere alters with the elevation. Large thick woods, and high trees, of very different sorts, among which the lofty strong stems of the rasamala, and many kinds of fig-trees, are particularly distinguished, announce the middle height and the fruitful soil; but at a height of about 5000 feet scarcely one of the plants is seen, that are common in the lower country. The high wood still continues a long time on the farther ascent, and, the diversity of plants seems rather to increase than diminish; but these plants are more and more succeeded by others of an entirely different form; and it is especially at an elevation of from 5000 to 7000 feet that the temperature of the air seems to be more adapted to the production of the greatest variety, and where a botanist might long find materials for observation, as the greater number of these productions are nearly or entirely unknown. Above the height just mentioned, the form of the plants changes more and more; most of the wood grows crooked and distorted, and as well as the ground, is covered with thick moss; the leaves are small, stiff, and dry; and up to nearly the top of the mountain, the observer finds, not without surprise, a great number of plants which are only known in, or peculiar to, very different countries, such as the Alps and even the colder climates of Europe, and China, Japan, and New Holland.

Mr. Reinwardt having left Mount Gedé, continued his tour through the districts of

Tijbea, Ronga, and Koppe, to Parangsirap, whence he intended to proceed farther to the mountains which extend to the south-east.

Mr. Reinwardt, whose activity is indefatigable, has already sent many remarkable plants to the botanic garden at Beistenzorg (Sans Souci): at the same time the collection of natural productions for the King's Museum of Natural History is already very considerable.

DISCOVERY OF VERY REMARKABLE ROMAN ANTIQUITIES IN GERMANY.

Etternach (near Treves), Nov. 10.

In the environs of Alttrier (Old Treves), two leagues and a half south-east of this town, there has been discovered in a village situated on an eminence, a great number of Roman antiquities very interesting to history and numismatology. Among others, there has been found a silver hand, being part of a suit of Roman armour; two seal-rings, one of gold, with red stones—on one of these stones is the figure of Diana, and on the other a sphinx; several silver rings of large size, on which are engraved the figures of the empresses Faustina, Lucilla, and Didia Clara; many Roman pins; urns and sepulchral lamps; a considerable number of ancient gold, silver, and copper coins, among which are a Nero, two of Commodus, one of Constantine the Great, and one of Constantians, of gold; a Pesennius Niger, of rare beauty; a Marciana; a Mathelia; several Faustina's, Julia Mama's, and others, in fine silver. Among the urns there are two of earth, the most beautiful that have yet been seen, and upon which are carved in relief above fifty figures. There have also been discovered two Roman handmills of stone; a sacrificial bull ornamented with instruments used in the ceremonies of offering; two Mercuries of bronze; two goats (male and female), and two Priapuses of copper; a surgical instrument; 60 Penates of stone of different colours; several stones upon which are engraved different Roman emperors on horseback; several figures of gods and goddesses, among which are two of white marble representing the goddess Nehalennia with a dog on her knees.

It appears from the great number of objects found, that this place must have been a considerable settlement. The Romans had a colony in these parts, which to all appearance was situated on the road from Treves to the ancient Durocorturum, or Rheims.

MECHANISM.

At a late sitting of the French Royal Academy of Sciences, a report was read by M. M. Fabré-Palaprat and Pajol-Laforet, on the *Anatomical Mannikin* invented by Dr. Ameline, professor of anatomy at Caen. M. Ameline himself explained to the society the utility of the invention, and he was unanimously elected a corresponding member of the society.

At a sitting of the Institute on the 29th of October last, Baron Percy also delivered a report on the *Anatomical Mannikin*. After describing this interesting invention,

which he classed among the most astonishing productions of French industry, he declared that the inventor had surpassed every thing of the kind hitherto attempted.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Dec. 4.

Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Rev. Frederick Cox, Lincoln College: Rev. John Fitz Moore, Merton College: Rev. George Francis Otley, Oriel College: Rev. Hyla Holden, Pembroke College: Rev. Francis Drake Foster, Balliol College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—Charles Lyell, Alexander Dyce, and Chaloner Stanley Leathes, Exeter College: George Maw, Richard Derby Ness, and William Brock Hellins, Lincoln College: Richard Battiscombe, Merton College: James Lockhart, University College: William King, Edward Tew Richards, and Edward Greswell, Scholars of Corpus Christi College: George Musgrave Musgrave, Brasenose College: Thomas Frederick Paul Hankins, Queen's College.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 3.

The following degrees were conferred on Wednesday last:—

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Rev. William Wright Wilcocks, Trin. College: Edward Michael Stewart, incorporated from the university of Dublin.

BACHELORS IN CIVIL LAW.—John Hancock Hall, Esq. and Rev. John Davis, Trinity Hall: Rev. Champness Pleydell Bragge, and Rev. Edward Cartlett, Jesus College.

BACHELOR IN PHYSIC.—Thomas James Thackeray, St. John's College.

The following is the subject of the Norrisian prize essay for the present year:—*"Shew from a review of the civil, moral, and religious state of mankind at the time when Christ came into the world, how far the reception which his religion met with, is a proof of its Divine origin."*

FINE ARTS.

THE PAINTED CHAMBER.

The design and architecture of this building, of the ancient interior of which our last contained a description, are common place and plain. The windows which remain (the original disposition and number of the whole being no longer obvious), are formed by a column running up the centre, so that on each side there is a perfect window, though one arch surmounts the whole. On the outside a clumsy brick buttress has, many years ago, been added, for the support of the north-east angle, and near this wall are stone springers of groins and arches, which formerly belonged to an Oratory which was entered

from the chamber; no doubt, the place of retirement and devotion to many an English sovereign.

The number of pannels painted with angels, saints, &c. taken from the roof is, we observe, stated to be thirty-three: the pannels are constructed of two, three, and four pieces of thin wood, and measure about 2 feet 6 by 14 or 15 inches. These countenances looking down from the lofty flat roof, must have had a singular effect. The ceiling itself (of wood), rests at the sides only, upon a carved cornice, and the figures were wrought into compartments of different shapes, uniting into one regular and beautiful pattern, the whole coloured and enriched with stucco ornaments. At the east end were two brackets carved with angels holding scrolls; and in the upper part of the west are four conjoined windows apparently of the 13th century.

Among the paintings on the walls which we have not mentioned are, towards the west side of Saint Edward's* coronation, figures of men on horseback, and on the west side of these, portions of mail armour, which appear to have belonged to figures of large size. The chain mail, and some of the principal ornaments, are represented by stucco, while the features and draperies are painted; a mixture which does not destroy the actual flatness of the latter, but remarkably aids the substance and effect of the former. In other similar groups on the opposite side, the chain mail is painted like the rest of the picture.

Towards the west of King Antiochus, described in our last, are several mutilated figures of warriors wearing their surcoats of arms; and over the adjoining windows there is, among many less distinct, one remarkable subject, displaying a multitude of figures with spears and ensigns of war, as if attacking a lofty tower, on the parapet of which is a king, and behind him a group of persons consulting together. The reveal and soffits of these windows are also magnificently painted, gilded, and adorned. In the sides of each is a figure of the size, or perhaps rather larger than life, standing under a canopy, surmounted with elegant tracery, representations of buildings, &c. and over all, the figure of an angel, with expanded wings, and holding a crown. These angels are clothed in blue garments edged with gold. The two figures in the

* In the inscription it is *Edward*, and not *Edward*, as misprinted in our last.

most eastern window on the south side; are King Edward the Confessor, and a pilgrim asking alms; the monarch is crowned, and holds in his left hand the sceptre and dove: The adjoining window, which was when uncovered in a more perfect condition than any of the others*, exhibited on the right side, looking towards it, an allegorical figure of justice, and on the left a figure of *Largesse* or *Bounty*, both crowned. They are clothed in coats of mail, with crimson robes well draped. Justice carries a shield, and is scourging with a rod a criminal crouching at her feet. *Bounty* also with a shield, the edge of which only is seen, is pouring riches from a very long purse (as *Plenty* is painted with her cornucopia), into the extended jaws of a monstrous figure, *Avarice*, lying along the ground, and looking upwards with a vile expression of a distorted countenance. Over the head of each allegory is the name in longo-bardic letters.

In the east reveal of the easternmost window on the north side, is a mutilated figure of a crowned female (probably *Vengeance*), clothed like these, and in the attitude of striking a blow with a sword which is raised over her head. In the west reveal of the next or middle window is a similar figure: and in the east reveal of the westernmost window a figure with a sword in one hand, and a round shield embossed and painted in the other. There is great dignity in all these: the last-described are faint and imperfect, and especially when compared with Justice and *Bounty*.

A pointed door-way near the top on the south side, exhibits several feet of inscriptions on the stone, in Norman-French; they are scriptural, and curiously wrought about with scrolls and ornaments.

These notices added to the statement in our last Number, will enable our readers to form a tolerably accurate idea of what the *Painted Chamber* was, and of its appearance when recently unveiled. We shall now very briefly describe what the *Painted Chamber* is, in consequence of the alterations.

In renewing the hangings and panelling necessary for the fitting up of this room, if used at all by the members of the legislature, a very laudable feeling has been shewn; and we have no doubt, from what has been done for the preservation of some of the re-

* It even retained some pieces of painted glass.

lices, that the superintendants of the works would gladly have done more, had it been in their power, for these venerable remains of antiquity. The chamber now displays what it did not display before, at least a few specimens of its ancient state. There is a handsome modern screen across the upper or western end, which cuts off, perhaps, a fifth part of the whole length. The entire roof is still seen, with ornaments where the portraits formerly were. It has a simple, yet fine and noble look. The pointed door, which we have mentioned as having the sacred inscriptions upon its arch, forms now with the screen the south west angle of the apartment: and the inscriptions, &c. remain visible and tolerably fresh, so that a considerable part of them may be read. The original designs are also left exposed on the two windows on the opposite side (the north), but they are not very distinct: of the windows themselves; the uppermost is distinguished from the others by a different style of architecture, having a Saxon rather than a Gothic arch. Nearer the eastern end is the fire-place, modernized, and without a trace of its pristine form... a source of infinite regret to antiquarians, who have here to lament the loss of an almost, if not altogether, unique structure of the earliest times. Between the fire-place and the eastern window, the hangings are so disposed as to form as it were the frame of a picture; and the part of the original wall thus exhibited is the chief portion of the Coronation of St. Edward (See last Literary Gazette). While we commend the taste and judgment of this act, it is impossible not to notice with express sorrow the sacrilegious perforation (for so every lover of the art must consider it), of the lower space with a quatrefoil opening, about a foot in diameter. A more reckless proceeding could hardly have been devised; and it would have been better to close up the group altogether than to reveal it so vilely mutilated. It is like a mortal wound to a living body; and will be considered more atrocious, because it will remain for ever a monument of barbarism.

Nearly opposite the fire-place the two fine figures of *Bounty* and *Justice* remain open in excellent preservation; and between their scite and the east-gable is another specimen of the ancient wall; but as it is about ten feet from the floor its precise subject is not ascertainable without a ladder.

These are all the parts which, in refitting the chamber, have been left visible; and they are certainly sufficient to afford a competent notion of the whole of the original structure and paintings. What has been covered over, is so sadly disfigured that, should it in after-days be once more unveiled, it will yield no information to the antiquary, and no pleasure to the artist: therefore what is to be seen in the existing state of the apartment, must be viewed as all that remains of one of the most interesting places of the kind which England, or perhaps the world contains. To Englishmen, at least, it must be so; and we are sure that a visit to it, by those who can obtain permission, will gratify a curiosity of the most exalted nature.

CANOVA.

In the last Number of a very clever journal of a traveller in Italy, in *Constable's Edinburgh Magazine*, we find a curious account of Canova's sculpture, from which we select a passage, mentioning particulars worthy of the consideration of our artists. "Speaking to Canova (says the able writer) of the peculiar softness of polish of his marbles, he told me that they were rubbed, as a final process, with the water in which the tools were sharpened. The polish of the hair is different from that of the flesh, and that of the drapery differs from both. Even the colour of the marble is slightly different; the flesh has a slight tinge of cream colour, while the drapery is pure white;... The marble cosmetic of Canova is, I understand, permanent."

This is a strange, though very slight approximation towards, certainly not the noblest period of ancient art.

The colossal statue of Ferdinand I, King of the Two Sicilies, by Canova, was embarked on the 29th ult. at Rome, to be conveyed to Naples.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

THE EOLIAN HARP.

Hark! the wind sighs! now hollow blasts
Swell sadly on the rising breeze—
Now whistle in the vacant reed,
Or chirp amid the rustling trees.
Ah! whence are these celestial airs,
Among the strings that wildly rave?
'Tis Eolus, on cloudless wing,
Sprite of the storm from Cirrho's cave.
The harp is mute!—and now again
A shrill note lifts the heavenly spring:—
Again ascends the soaring note—
Or fainter warblings press the string.
Fancy's wild witcheries o'er me roll—
Unworded transports touch the soul.

R. T.

TO AMELIA.

When those friends shall decay that disport in
thy gladness,
And leave thee in sickness and sorrow to languish,
Then *one* will be found that will tend o'er thy
sadness,
And gumber each tear that shall flow from thy
anguish.

Yes, one, on whose bosom while gently reclining,
Will watch every change and will soothe every
pain,
And gaze from the first ray till day is declining,
And night on her dark throne commences her
reign.

And when from the cold world thy spirit is fly-
ing,
To wing its swift way to the realms of the blest,
One fond thought at least shall console thee in
dying,
For thy pillow shall be this affectionate breast.

R. R.

SONNET.

THE POET PRAISES HIS CAT SCRACCO.

'Tis now six months and more, my whisker'd
friend,
Since first thou peep'd within this narrow room;
The gift of one who did thy worth commend—
And, thus, preserv'd thee from thy brother's
doom.

Thou wast a kitten then, and gay of mind;
With thine own tail wouldst innocently play—
Most strangely puzzled that, that thing behind
Should still escape, turn thee whichever way.
But now thou'rt grown a good and shapely cat,
Of aspect, age, that's seldom stirr'd with ire;
And though, indeed, thou art not very fat,
Thou sit'st content before my little fire;—
Or, purring glad when spread our humble fare,
With gentle paw entreat'st thy slender share.

J. H.

SONNET.

TO MELANCHOLY.

Pale, blue-ey'd maid! that ever lov'st to rove
Where the brown heath its darkest shadows
throws;

Near lonely halls, or wood, or pensive grove,
And with th' ill-omen'd bird indulge thy woes;
Thee, once I shunn'd, whilst life was young, and
new,

And all thy dreary haunts pass'd heedful by;
More pleas'd at early morn to brush the dew,
Than with the evening gales to hear thee sigh:

But now, thy glens and desert fairs, no more
Inspire a terror in my anxious heart—
Now, I can wander by the sea-beat shore,
Nor feel a wish from the wild waves to part.
Though oft as I go forth in gloom and care,
I meet that wizard, dark and fell Despair!

J. H.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

SPANISH HEROISM.

An authentic anecdote, related by captain Korff, who
served in Spain, in a regiment of infantry of the guard
of Jerome, the Ex-King of Westphalia.

Fatigued and exhausted by forced marches,
the regiment, to which captain Korff be-

longed, arrived before the monastery of Figueiras in Spain. The colonel of the regiment, a Frenchman, sent in an officer, to demand of the prior the necessary refreshment for the men, as well as for the staff, consisting of about 20 officers. The prior with some of the monks came out to meet the general, assured him that the inhabitants of Figueiras would provide for the soldiers, but that he himself would prepare a frugal meal for the staff. The prior's offer was accepted; captain Korff received from the general some commissions for the regiment, and about an hour afterwards it was announced to the prior, that the dinner was served up in the refectory of the monastery. The general, who was aware that the French in Spain had reason to be on their guard in eating and drinking what was offered by the natives, invited the prior to dine with them: he, and two other monks accepted the invitation in such a manner, as to leave no doubt that he felt himself much flattered by it. After the officers had taken their seats, the prior said grace, carved, eat of every dish first, and with his two brethren, who poured out the wine, drank plentifully with his guests. It was not till towards the end of the repast, that captain Korff returned, having been detained by the commissions of the general longer than he expected. During that interval, he had found an opportunity to take some refreshment, and only participated in the lively conversation of the company, hosts as well as guests, at the monastery. The general, in particular, expressed his satisfaction to the prior, whose kind reception had surpassed all expectation. Suddenly, however, the cheerfulness of the prior was changed into profound seriousness; he rose from his seat, thanked the company for the honour they had done him, and concluded with asking if any of them had affairs to settle in this world? adding, with emphasis, "This, Gentlemen, is the last meal you and I shall take on earth: in an hour we shall all be before the Judgement Seat of God!" Cold trembling horror seized the amazed guests; for the prior and his two monks had poisoned the wine in which they had pledged the French officers; all the antidotes given by the French physician were in vain: in less than an hour every man of them had ceased to live*.

FORTUNE TELLING.

A clerk in one of the French offices of police, was some time ago appointed to superintend the legal proceedings instituted against a fortune-teller. The inquiry furnished him with some curious information concerning the general principles on which the art is founded;

* We know not whether this story is in reality, one of those unquestionable facts with which the history of the Spanish contest abounds; but we are assured that its accuracy and truth are credited by many persons of integrity whose duties led them to be near the scene where it is laid. If true, as we have therefore reason to believe, it is one of the most extraordinary and memorable instances of self-devotion ever recorded. *Ed.*

he discovered that upon the whole, it was merely a calculation of probabilities, which, if managed adroitly, might become susceptible of successful applications; and he thought it would be an excellent thing to turn conjuror himself. He began by dividing the workable matter, namely public credulity, into its two sexes, its four ages, into married and unmarried, masters and servants, clergy and laity, nobles and commoners, &c. He then set down the general accidents common to all classes, the special accidents more common in each, and, finally, the more rare and individual accidents. He thus acquired a mass of about four thousand of the accidents of human life, which are constantly occurring, it must be confessed—a tolerably good foundation to tell fortunes on.

Whilst he was thus studying the theory of the art, he devoted himself to the practice of a branch no less important; he observed physiognomy, fixed names in his recollection, introduced himself into parties of every description, endeavoured to sift into the secrets of families, and assumed every possible disguise; finally, when he found himself sufficiently rich in materials, and powerful in means, he opened a *cabinet of necromancy*. His success was prodigious; his door was besieged by females, noblemen, tradesmen, ecclesiastics, and even high prelates eagerly thronged to consult him; and with the exception of some few mischances, our conjuror had no cause to regret the resignation of his lucrative post in the police.

One day a loud knocking was heard at his chamber door; he flew to open it; a gentleman entered, well dressed, of good figure, but with his hat so much drawn over his face, that it was impossible to discover his features. "If you are a conjuror," said he, "of course you can guess the object of my visit." "I do not guess," replied the fortune-teller; "I consult the fates in case of necessity, and they enlighten me." "Well! consult them now respecting what I am going to ask you." The conjuror took his cards somewhat disconcerted; he uttered a few unmeaning words, dropped a card, stooped to pick it up, and by this manoeuvre caught a glimpse of the features of the gentleman, whom he recognised to be a man of high importance at court. Thus the game was won. He collected himself, shuffled the cards, drew out one which announced a family affair; on drawing out the second, he uttered an exclamation of fear:—"Oh Heavens! I am ruined! A powerful man has laid a snare to entrap me; I cannot confine my operation. The stranger assured him that his fears were unfounded; the conjuror drew out another card, which more positively announced the rank of his visitor. The latter astonished, confessed who he was, adding, that he had come on his wife's account. The fortune-teller knew, as all the world did, that Madam was pregnant; and immediately concluding that the husband had come to learn, whether the child was to be a boy or a girl, he drew his card accordingly: Fate announced a male child. The stranger rose, exclaiming, "a hundred louis, if your prediction prove true, and a hundred

stripes with a horsewhip should it be false; he then took his leave.

It will readily be supposed, that the fortune-teller, not caring to receive the latter portion of the reward, was anxiously on the watch. The lady was delivered of a boy, and the mysterious stranger again made his appearance. He knocked at the door more loudly than ever, and gazing with astonishment at the conjuror, he threw down the hundred louis, and disappeared without saying a word.

THE DRAMA.

PARIS.

Extract of a private letter from Paris.

... But the chief topics here, are two new tragedies, the *Vêpres Siciliennes*, and Louis IX. (for the first title, *Louis Saint*, did not please). Both are the work of young authors, both completely successful, and both completely uninteresting. The Sicilian Vespers we should have supposed an ungrateful remembrance for a French dramatist. But no! with the characteristic ingenuity of his nation, the whole is a eulogy and display of French virtue and honour. However, to avoid the imputation of partiality, the Sicilians are nearly as well treated. All are good—not a *mauvais sujet* in the piece, though a dash of villainy certainly does season those dishes. The dialogue, or rather declamation, is not ill written; but there is such feeble delineation of character, such slight development of the passion, such meagreness of incident, that the whole is indifferent; and Johnny shouts out his secret treason in the very apartments of the French Governor, next room to him: it may be, this is conspiracy à la Française; but the Sicilians seem to have managed better. Yet the Vespers fills the house to overflowing—why? first, because it is new, and secondly, because every paragraph concludes with a compliment to the great nation, which is of course received with, and returns, unbounded applause. “We have heroes enough of our own to bring forward; why should we seek foreign ones?” is the present declaration among the authors; so to it they have set, and already four national pieces are achieved; the two acted, and a forth-coming Charles de Navarre, and Siege of Paris—not the late siege, though in half a century they will probably do that as a victory. But I did not mean so much to criticise these productions as to tell you of their consequences. It is not a mere barter of trade here, the exchange of genius for gold, as with us, a simple transaction between the bookseller and the author, who, receiving the price of his work, shrinks back unnoticed to his literary solitude. I do not mean to say that the most sterling reward is not bestowed on talents in England; but why should it be unaccompanied by those often more estimated courtesies of life, which the class of authors are so peculiarly formed to feel? “They manage these matters better in France.”*

* And with all an (unprejudiced) Englishman's love of country, how often will he have this concession to make!

Of the private success of the Sicilian Vespers, I know nothing; but of the other, Louis IX.† I do happen to know, that the day after the performance of his piece, and for several days succeeding, hundreds of people of the highest rank in Paris, civil and military, thronged to visit the young author, of whose humble existence not one of them heard, till thus proclaimed by his talents. He has been sent for by the minister; he has been presented to the princes; he has been pensioned by the king; his fortune is made, and his rank is made. This is as it should be; genius rises at once to its own level. Yet, without detracting from the merit of the author of Louis IX. (and any man who can write a playable play, must have merit), his powers are as the gossamer to gold in the scale of genius, with the powers exhibited in some of our new popular tragedies (not including Bertram, whose principles throw him hors de combat). Why cannot we be perfect? we are so near it, it is pity not to try: the arts and literature, the riches and refinements of a nation, of a people, are as worthy of honour as of gold. ‘Tis glory to be Mæcenases, and immortality to be an Augustus.

If I should tell you that Louis IX. is little more interesting than his Sicilian Brother, you will scarcely believe it; but, again, all are too good; with a slight exception in favour of the Soldan, Louis, in his petticoats and homilies, more resembling a bishop than a king. He not only preaches, but prays; piety is the order of the day—if there be piety in frequent introductions on the scene of the names of the Creator and the Redeemer. Here again the French receive quantities of compliments, which they return with interest, three salvos sometimes.—It is a pleasant commerce between the author and the auditors. One can easily see from its success, that flattery will in future be the key-stone of the arch; so no fear for the downfall of the national productions: yet *amen* sticks in some throats. “Where is the holy water,” enquired a wit, as he was leaving the spectacle, *ennuyé* by the sermon. “We have mass at the Français, and Vespers at the Odeon,” said another.

Mais qu'importe? the court like it, and the people like it, and the author likes it; and all but the English, the *mechant* English like it; but it is too good for them.

L. M.

Since writing this, I learn that the “Sicilian Vespers,” has also received a pension.

† See our last number for an account of this tragedy. Ed.

We make (pardon the bull), this week a holiday in the drama; that is to say, we have had no occasion to indulge in theatrical amusements. No novelty has called for our attention at either house; and what pieces deserving of notice were announced, have been postponed. The whole momentous intelligence since our last, except on the Saturday of our appearance, may, therefore, be very briefly summed up. Kean has played Macbeth: Mr. Liston's name is promoted to large letters in the Covent Garden

bills, and Miss Macauley is engaged at that theatre for a few nights in tragedy;—we presume, to compromise the grievous misunderstanding between the rival queens, Miss O'Neil and Mrs. Bunn, which, last season, prevented Mary Stuart, a tragedy (now forthcoming) from being produced.

By the by, a rather malapropos accident occurred at Miss Macauley's Readings, at Shades Rooms, last Saturday. Emulating, no doubt, the example of the late Lord Mayor, in the case of parson Harrison, and of the Manchester Magistrates in that of Hunt and Co. a sheriff's officer resolved to arrest the poor pianist, who accompanied Miss M.'s recitations, &c. in the very face of the assembled multitude. The odious monster, “hated of gods and men,” made his way into the midst of the room, full of company, with this fell intent, and spoiled the harmony of the evening by executing his warrant. The unfortunate musician was dragged away to bars of another kind; but Miss M. though discomposed by the accident, got through the remaining entertainments with tolerable eclat.

It was observed, however, that several of the audience did not seem to enjoy the performances with the same ease and spirit as before.

DRURY LANE.—The *Siege of Belgrade* was performed at this theatre on Saturday last. The right to criticise even new operas, seems almost to have passed by; and there cannot therefore exist much necessity to descant upon the merits of old ones. So long as we are charmed by songs and delightful sounds, we submit, as it were by a tacit compromise, to listen to the trash that fills up the intervals of music in these productions. The *Siege of Belgrade* is rather a lively specimen of its kind. It is written with an eye to stage effect; it has some smart things, and is not without its due proportion of common place. There is one good joke at least in it. *Yuseph*, is a subject of the Sublime Porte, and so long as the Turks are masters of Belgrade, is faithful to them and to his own interest. On the capture of the city by the Austrians, his fidelity towards his Turkish friends totters, and he assumes the name and politics of an Austrian. He casts his Turkish skin in a moment, and stands before us, dressed out in the huge boots and enormous hat of an imperialist—a formidable instance of tergiversation. His wealth, which he has gained by fleecing his former friends, is discovered by some wags; and on his claiming it in his new Austrian name, they deny his title, and insist that it belongs to ‘Yuseph Ben Moustapha,’ a Turk. This jest is not without its moral.—Braham sung the songs of the Seraskier with his usual power. In one scene however with Katherine (Miss Carew), he supplicated her, in a song, which instead of making as “silver sweet as lovers' tongues by night,” he thundered out as vehemently as if he had been inciting his army on to battle. Miss Carew, who always sings very charmingly, was, in the same scene, unlucky in her acting. She may despise the Seraskier's love, and his song too; but let her not chill him with so many suc-

cessive looks, each conveying precisely the same amount of contempt. Miss Byrne played Lilla, in which Storaice used to be so lively. She was very successful: the coaxing song, wherein she cheats Leopold out of his jealous fears, well deserved its encore. Her upper notes are very clear, but some of the lower tones are occasionally sharp and unmusical. Mr. Butler, who played Yuseph, was not relished by the audience: he is better in the parts of countrymen, where the accent is broader than the wit. Harley's Leopold was very clever. He seems to be a sort of vessel to keep jokes and merry sounds in; and his animal spirits appear to be eternally running over, without the danger of exhaustion. His self-complacency communicates itself to us, and we feel on good terms with ourselves, whenever we see his satisfied looks.

The Devil to Pay was performed here on Monday. Dowton was the *Jobson*, and Miss Kelly the *Nell* of the night. They both acted admirably; and, if we thought now and then of Mrs. Jordan, it was not without a feeling of respect for the talents which Miss Kelly displayed.

COVENT GARDEN.—There has been nothing new this week here. The Comedy of Errors is postponed, on account of Miss Stevens's indisposition. We are sorry that any thing should occur to still such delicious music as hers.

THEATRE DE L'AMBIGU COMIQUE.—*Hazard et Folie*, a comedy in three acts. Eugene and Frederick are officers in the same regiment. The former is in love with Sophia, sister to the latter; and an attachment subsists between Frederick and Clara, sister to Eugene. A quarrel, instigated by misrepresentations, arises between the two friends. A challenge is the consequence; but at the place of meeting the police are in readiness to receive them. Thus interrupted, the champions speedily retreat, each carrying away by mistake his antagonist's great-coat, which had been taken off in preparation for the combat.

From this exchange of coats a multitude of incidents arise. Eugene, being required to produce his papers, at an inn at which he stops, draws from his pocket a number of letters belonging to Frederick; and his friend's uncle taking him for his nephew, carries him to his *chateau*, where he is received by Sophia and Clara. On the other hand, the real Frederick seeks protection at his uncle's house; but it is too late, his place is already occupied, and two awkward officious valets, with the view of helping their masters out of the scrape, create so much confusion and equivocal that it becomes impossible to unfold the truth. At length a nocturnal mistake reveals the mystery, and the uncle punishes the two officers by obliging them to marry.

In this little piece we should look in vain for any observance of the rules of Aristotle. There is no connection between Aristotle and the theatres of the Boulevards. Entrances, exits, and a succession of ludicrous equivocal, leave us no time to enquire into the proba-

bility of any particular scene or incident. It is a pleasant *imbroglio*, abounding in humorous situations; and though they do not all possess the merit of novelty, yet they excited hearty laughter throughout the representation.

It is the production of M. Victor, the author of *Palmerin*.

VARIETIES.

Culston Hill.—It would appear from observations contained in the Second Number of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, that this hill is principally composed of felspar and augite, and that like similar rocks in India, it contains carbonaceous matter, not, it is true, in the form of diamond, but in a state nearly approaching to it.

Natural History, &c.—(Extract of a letter from Vienna, 17th ult.) The Austrian naturalists, who have been already eight months in Brazil, have sent here 37 quadrupeds, 810 birds, 271 amphibie, 133 fish, 5809 insects, 5000 plants, and a great number of mineralogical specimens.

Perpetual light of Adalia.—On the eastern coast of Lycia, and the western shore of the Gulf of Adalia, a flame called *yanar* is seen to issue from an opening, about three feet in diameter, in the side of a mountain, and in shape resembling the mouth of an oven. Captain Beaufort of the royal navy, when surveying this part of the coast of Karamania, visited the spot. This mountain, like that of Cuchivano, is calcareous, being composed of crumbling serpentine rock, with loose blocks of limestone; there was not the least appearance of volcanic production; no tremor of the earth, no noises; neither stones, nor smoke, nor noxious vapours were emitted from the cavity, but a brilliant and perpetual flame issued forth, of an intense heat, and said to be inextinguishable by water; the remains of the walls, which had formerly been built near the spot, were scarcely discoloured; and trees, brushwood, and weeds, grew close to this little crater, if so it might be called.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—We yesterday morning took an opportunity of looking at the paintings and sculpture produced this year for the prize medals given by the Royal Academy. There are but three of the former, the subject *the Cure of Despair* from Spencer; and eight or ten of the latter, the subject of which is *Jacob wrestling with the Angel*. There happened to be no Authority present to inform us of the award; but it seemed to our judgment that the prize of painting must belong to a Mr. Severn, who has produced a very clever and unexaggerated picture; and that of sculpture to a Mr. Gott, whose composition possesses great merit. Should the decision (which will be too late for us this week) differ from what we have stated, we shall have pleasure in rendering the palm where won, next Saturday. There are several specimens of able competition.

GAS LIGHTS.—After some slight alterations, a new experiment was made a few evenings ago, for lighting the interior of the

Odeon Theatre with gas. It was perfectly successful; but, there is still an obstacle to be surmounted, even greater than the offensive smell exhaled by the gas: namely, the enormous expence of this mode of lighting, which is triple that of lighting with oil. Could this vast disproportion of expence be surmounted, there is no doubt that the new discovery would be universally approved; for there is no comparison between the degrees of light; the one is dim and sombre, the other is clear and bright, and diffuses its brilliancy to a considerable distance. (*French Paper*.)

Conjuring.—The following ludicrous occurrence lately took place at the Theatre de l'Hotel des Fermes, in Paris, where the celebrated conjuror, Monsieur Comte, exhibits his feats of legerdemain. M. Comte was, as usual, drawing from a little cask of about 3 inches in diameter, a prodigious number of glasses of orgeat, lemonade, &c. which he handed about among the audience: one person in the orchestra, however, obstinately refused to take the refreshment his neighbours presented to him. M. Comte, supposing he hesitated because some of the company had previously drunk from the same glass, immediately drew from his cask of the *Danaides*, a fresh glass of orgeat, and presented it to his fastidious visitor: but the latter shrunk back with pious terror, protesting that his lips should never touch the diabolical liquor. The audience burst into a roar of laughter, and the poor man retired, muttering as he went:—"Many a conjuror has been burned for far less than this."

M. Mozart, the son of the celebrated composer, is at present at Hamburgh. On the 5th of November he was to give a concert in the Hall of Apollo.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The public is generally curious to know what is forthcoming in the large Review; and besides the Quarterly, (which is announced in our next page,) we can anticipate the Edinburgh Number, which will soon appear. Its contents, we hear, relate to Parga, State of the Country, Climbing Boys, History of Painting in Italy, comparative skill and industry of France and England, Mission to Ashantee, Congress of Vienna, Dr. Clarke on Blow-pipes and Volcanoes, Necessity of Parliamentary Inquiry, Mr. Owen's Plan of relieving the National Distress, Turnpike Roads, Establishments at Hofwyl, &c.

Colonel Hippiesley's Narrative of the Expedition to the Orinoko, of which we gave so detailed an account in our August and September numbers, is, we understand, about to be published in French, having excited a strong sensation in Paris.

Important commercial work. The celebrated Mr. Nennich of Hamburgh, whose useful and numerous lexicographical labours we have had more than once occasion to mention, has just announced for publication a new Dictionary of Merchandize in twelve

Languages. The leading language is the German, after which follow the synonyms in Dutch, Danish, Swedish, English, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Modern Greek, and Latin. This work, coming from the pen of Mr. Nennich, the public have an assurance that it is not a mere compilation, but an original performance. We indeed know that the author collected most of the materials in the countries themselves, through which he travelled for that express purpose, and the rest from a most extensive correspondence. Mr. N. means also to publish similar dictionaries in the languages which are here secondary; the English and German, the French and German, the Portuguese, English, and German, and the Spanish, English, and German, are already published.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

DECEMBER, 1819.

- Thursday, 2—Thermometer from 31 to 49.
Barometer from 30, 18 to 30, 20.
Wind S. b. E. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Morning and noon cloudy, with rain; the rest of the day generally clear.
- Friday, 3—Thermometer from 24 to 41.
Barometer from 30, 34 to 30, 36.
Wind S. and S. b. W. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Cloudy and foggy most of the day. Faint sunshine at times.
Rain fallen, .2 of an inch.
- Saturday, 4—Thermometer from 26 to 48.
Barometer, from 29, 37 to 29, 72.
Wind W. b. S. $\frac{1}{2}$, and 3.—Clear about noon; the rest of the day cloudy, with frequent rain.
Rain fallen, .175 of an inch.
- Sunday, 5—Thermometer from 38 to 43.
Barometer from 30, 02 to 30, 16.
Wind N. E. 3.—Cloudy.
Rain fallen, .375 of an inch.
- Monday, 6—Thermometer from 35 to 38.
Barometer from 30, 21, to 30, 27.
Wind N. E. 1.—Cloudy.
Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.
- Tuesday, 7—Thermometer from 32 to 36.
Barometer from 30, 21, to 30, 16.
Wind N. E. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Cloudy. A little thin sleet fell in the morning.
- Wednesday, 8—Thermometer from 29 to 34.
Barometer from 30, 19, to 30, 25.
Wind E. b. N. 4, and $\frac{1}{2}$.—Morning cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.
On Wednesday, the 15th, at 4 hours, 57 minutes, 37 seconds, the first Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.
Lat. 51. 37. 32. N.
Lon. 0. 3. 51. W.
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

Miscellaneous Advertisements,

(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

British Institution for promoting the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom.
NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.

THE Pictures, &c. intended for Exhibition and sale in the British Gallery, the ensuing season, must be sent there for the inspection of the Committee, on Friday the 14th, and Saturday the 15th of January next, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon, and five in the afternoon; after which time no picture, nor other work of art will be received. (By order)

British Gallery, Pall-Mall,
London, Nov. 27, 1819,

JOHN YOUNG,
Keeper.

Mr. Wat's Exhibition.

THE great Picture of DEATH on the PALE HORSE; Christ Rejected, St. Peter's First Sermon, the Brazen Serpent, St. Paul and Barnabas turning to the Gentiles, with several Pictures and Sketches on Scriptural Subjects, are now Exhibiting under the immediate Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, at No. 125, Pall Mall, near Carlton House, every day, from ten till five.

C. SMART, Secretary

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Quarto.—Antiquarian Repertory, 4 vols.; Buffon's Oiseaux, 3 tom. coloured plates; Monstrellet's Chroniques, 5 vols.; Pallas' Travels in Russia, 2 vols.; Statutes at Large, 19 vols.; Johnson's Dictionary, 2 vols.; Dibdin's Typographical Antiquities, 2 vols.; Boyle's Works, 6 vols.; Wilson's American Ornithology, 9 vols.

Octavo.—Chalmers's English Poets, 21 vols.; Harleian Miscellany, 12 vols.; Buffon's Natural History, 16 vols.; Gallery of Nature and Art, 6 vols.; Shaw's Zoology, 7 vols.; Latham's Birds, 5 vols.; Whittingham's Shakespeare, 7 vols. India paper; Bell's British Poets, 100 vols. bound in 79; Blissett's Reign of George III. 6 vols.; Edwards' History of the West Indies, 5 vols. &c. &c.

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A Few very Capital ORIGINAL PICTURES, brought from an eminent Collection in the North of England; comprising a Virgin and Child, Andrea del Sarto; a Portrait of the Doge Tessedan, by Titian, from the collection of Mr. Strange; a Virgin, Child, and Angels, Lodovico Caracci; Penelope, by Guido; St. Agnes, Domenichino, very fine; a Portrait of Helena Foreman, Rubens; Pythagoras and his Disciples, Salvator Rosa; an admirable production from the collection of Prince Rupert; a Landscape with Banditti, by the same Master, very spirited; a Woody Landscape and Figures, Rembrandt; a ditto, Both and Berghen; and others, by Hughtenberg, Van Dych, Van Goyen, Teniers, &c. To be viewed, and Catalogues had two days preceding.

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